

*A Romance of the Alleghanies.*

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

ETHALANDA;
OR, THE
Pride of the Mountains.

BY MRS. L. M. HUTCHINSON.

CHAPTER XV.

JAMISON was now tortured to the highest degree; the week had passed away, in which he had threatened to kill Ethalanda; and to renew his threats, he felt would be but to repeat an unmeaning strain of shameless audacity.

"What then should he do? Ethalanda's heart was most assuredly bound up in Ferdinand's. If he himself married her, he could not secure any thing beyond her hand-presentation. Her love certainly would never be his."

"O! curse the plot," said he—"my father, you were a rascal to set me upon it. May the panther killer have her, if I must go through all this torture! And yet what will the world say? I have begun—I must go on; I must carry it through. The mother favors me—the world thinks I am in the right—a fortune too is at stake! I will go then and, on my knees, I will beg Ethalanda to listen to my plea! She will surely heed my entreaties—my prayers—my tears! I will win her thus, and then my fortune is made."

Thus Jamison concluded to strike out a new course. Threats had failed;—now thinking that, should die he had recalled them. "Ethalanda, too, was of a lonely disposition. He had begun on the wrong track;—a new one would avail." Hence he soon presented himself before Ethalanda as a suppliant!

"My dear Ethalanda," said he—"I have done wrong;—I acknowledge my fault this day;—I recall all my threats and my insolence. I come to you now as a suppliant!—O! listen to my plea!"

"And what is your plea?" said Ethalanda.

"That you forgive me."

"O! said Ethalanda, "now talk like a man! I can hear you now!"

And will you consent to overlook all my past conduct and receive me to your heart?"

"How can I do otherwise, if you are indeed worthy of me?"

"O! Ethalanda, you are an angel!"

"Ah! Jamison—do not go too far the other way—now a demon? now an angel?"

"But I was so rash—now I am myself again; and may I ask, will you be mine?"

"Did not my father pre-engage me to Jamison Linwood?"

"Yes, and my father to you?"

"How happy then ought we two to be, if only united in heart and hand!"

"When shall we be thus united—nay, married, dear?"

I must see Ferdinand first."

"O! the gal, that you mingle in my happiness!"

"But would you not like to have such a benefactor at your wedding? It had said, your life as he did mine would you not?"

"You shall see him after we are married."

"No, I gave him my most sacred promise, that I would not marry till I saw his face—once more."

"But he is my worst enemy!"

"And he is my best friend?"

"O! Ethalanda—how can you say so?"

"Did not he save my life—as I have just said?"

"Yes; and if you will be mine, I will thank him for it. Indeed I will do more—I will reward him!"

"He would spur a reward."

"But Ethalanda,—tell me—do you indeed love him?"

"I do—with all my heart!"

"And would you marry him, irrespective of every consideration whatever?"

"Of every one except my father's blessing—this I reverence."

"Then marry me!"

"I must see Ferdinand, before I marry any one."

"What! If it costs you all?"

"Yes, if it costs me my life!"

CHAPTER XVI.

JAMISON found, that Ethalanda was immovable either by threats or tears. "What then could he do? To what could he have recourse? The loveliest girl of the village and her ample fortune were at stake. Every week or two, letters came from Europe to Ethalanda; from Ferdinand unquestionably, for no one else could write to her from abroad. And would not he himself, soon come, and if he did, did Ethalanda intend to receive him only as a guest, at her wedding?

"What was her meaning in all this delay and in thus keeping her 'sacred promise,' to see Ferdinand before she married? And would she forfeit all her vast estate in marrying a stranger, and her father's blessing too?"

"O! no," said he, "she will only meet

him as a benefactor, and then she will be mine! The compliment, that she would thus pay him would be the greatest in her power to pay, and this might reconcile him to her union with me; for surely he could not think that Ethalanda would consent to forego her father's blessing and her inheritance too, on his account only."

Accordingly he called the more frequently to see Ethalanda, and represented himself to be quite reconciled now to the delay, which she required. He also paid more regard to her mother, and appeared to be comparatively happy. Ethalanda, too, received him no more coolly, than she had done; indeed she moved on in her way, dignified and calm; ready apparently to meet sunshine or shade, calm or storm; and to entrust herself to her destiny whatever that might be. At present, there was no prospect of an interruption of any good feeling on the part of any concerned. Her mother, indeed, would have been pleased to see Jamison and herself united in the holy bonds of matrimony, that thus the interminable contest between Jamison and Ethalanda might be brought to an end; and her estate and her father's blessing confirmed to her forever! "And why?" said she to Ethalanda, "why do you regard my promise, to see Ferdinand's face before you marry, in so sacred a manner?"

"Mother" said she "I have a peculiar regard for Ferdinand; and I cannot but keep the promise, which I made to him. I acknowledge I do not know why it is so—but at the very moment, when I think of marrying Jamison, something whispers to me—no, no, not till you see Ferdinand!"

"And who my child is Ferdinand?"

"Mother! how do I know? He came into our village as a stranger—and as a stranger he earned my life? And do you ask, who he is, mother? Do you not feel grateful as well as I, for his noble feat?"

"Yes, my child—but will you never pay your debt of gratitude?"

"No, my dear mother; not while my life lasts."

"Why, what he did was not act of mere humanity? Any one else would have done it."

"Not any one."

"Ah! my child—you must be actuated by some other feeling, than mere gratitude in possessing such a high regard for Ferdinand!"

"And is he not much more prepossessing than Jamison?"

"Yes; he is—but think my child—your father did not say, that his daughter was to be wedded in after life to some Ferdinand, and her inheritance to be his!"

"Oh! no, he said, that she must marry Jamison Linwood, or forfeit his love and his estate forever!"

"And was it not cruel in my father to tell, and thus to deceive?"

"My child—I cannot say anything as to that matter; your father thought he was doing what was best for you; and for his friend, Mr. Linwood's son. You must remember, too, that he inherited the old aristocratic notion, that it was best for all concerned to keep the inheritance in the aristocratic line. And who now is Ferdinand whom you so much admire? Surely he must be one of the plebian order?"

"Mother, I must see his face before I marry; and he shall thus know my fidelity to my word, and my regard for his interest in my well-being."

"And would you be willing to marry him my child?"

"He may not have a cent in the world, and I could not think of throwing myself a pauper on his hands."

"If your father had made no restrictions upon your hand and fortune, would you have consented to be his?"

"With all my heart!"

"Alas! my child. How can you have thus robbed Jamison of your love?"

"Mother I never loved him—truly."

"O! Ethalanda—how can you say so?"

"Did not he save my life—as I have just said?"

"Yes; and if you will be mine, I will thank him for it. Indeed I will do more—I will reward him!"

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CHAPTER XVII.

TO MRS. HARWOOD there was something strangely mysterious in her daughter's desire to see Ferdinand, before she consented to be married to Jamison, that she thought if the things were possible, she would end the reason. For to her, it seemed much more probable, that Ethalanda would be still more opposed to marrying Jamison, on seeing Ferdinand, than she now was. "Why then could she wish to see him? Why unless to prevent her marriage to him entirely, or at least to delay it?"

She concluded, therefore, to send for the Attorney to consult with Ethalanda, that he might induce her to explain the mystery involved. The Attorney came

but he failed to obtain any satisfactory information from her. She was still as mysterious as ever;—more saying, that "she had so promised him."

The mother now began more and more to deplore the necessity that seemed to exist, that Ethalanda should marry Jamison or lose the heirship of the property.

The alternative being, that her daughter must marry a man whom she despised, and thus inherit the property bequeathed to her on this condition; or marry one whom she fondly loved and thus become a pauper!

She thought, therefore, that she would try a mother's love with Ethalanda.

"My daughter," said she, "you must marry Jamison or be a candidate for the annihilation."

"Why so mother? Ferdinand may be rich—who knows?"

"Did you ever know a stranger to come into this village to get a wife, who was worth even a straw?"

"No, mother, but no Ferdinand has ever come before."

"No Ferdinand to you; but there has been many a Ferdinand to others; and where are these girls now? why all of them the wives of *banksy* husbands?"

"You seem to think that no young man can come from the city, who is worth a farthing."

"Just so my child; they are all fortune-hunters, and they come up here into the country, merely to get rich wives!"

"But Ferdinand can have no such objection in view, for he knows that I acknowledge him forfeit all—all but his love!"

"His love, why my child love is a small consideration, and you will think after you get out of your teens!"

"And can I marry one, whom I do not love?"

"Why you do love;—you love Jamison."

"Not in the least, mother—I despise him most cordially."

"My child! What are you coming to?"

"To the crisis in my life's history!"

"Yes to the almshouse!"

"And oh! if I might see Ferdinand again!"

"Do you think this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?" the Justice repeated.

"Not a word was heard in response.

Waiting a moment, for a reply, and Jamison being just in the act of raising his hand as if to strike to frighten her into compliance,—lo! a tumultuous noise was heard at the door, as if a mob were breaking in. Crash! went the door, and a cry pierced the air! It was the voice of the constable. "Is Bob Franks there?"

As they entered the house the door was bolted and barred and every means resorted to, to prevent a disturbance from without. And now the ceremony of the marriage commenced and Ethalanda was called upon to perform her part under sentence of immediate death, if she failed of compliance. Not a word however, did Jamison say.

"Do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?" the Justice repeated.

"Not a word was heard in response.

Ferdinand aroused and resuming all his strength, replied—"No, only stunned and—where is the wretch that did it?"

"Gone, gone," Ferdinand and let us go too."

"No—no—Ethalanda; let us wait a little time—the rascal will return."

"Let us go then," said she, "why should he kill you?"

* * * * *

In a few minutes the Robber did return, as Ferdinand had predicted; and stood partly screened from view, on the highest cliff of one of the mountainous eminences near their home, gazing at the two. Ferdinand seeing him thus spying them out and the results of his pistol shot, sprung towards him from the arms of Ethalanda, and quick as thought, reached the entrance, thrust him below exclaiming,

"Here wile wretch take that as the reward of your deeds!"

Bob Franks was no longer visible, and dead or alive he was never heard of after that day.

Ferdinand now returned to Mrs. Harwood; and with Ethalanda soon began to make preparations for the nuptial day. All obstacles were now removed—for Mrs. Harwood having seen and felt that she had been duped by the vile robber; and being fully satisfied, that Ferdinand Deloraine was now no more.

"Ferdinand, I am amazed!—I don't know what you mean."

"He does, if he is here."

"But he is not—he is gone;—as soon as he heard the crash at the door—he instantly disappeared."

"And it is well for him, that he did so; for the officer was after him—and more than an officer too!"

"And is not his name Jamison Linwood?"

"No, indeed, that is my name!"

"Your name! And how did you make that discovery? and when? I thought your name was Ferdinand Deloraine!"

"No—that was my Aunt's name and I was called Deloraine in consequence."

"And who was this person, that you call Bob Franks?"

"He was the son of Bob Franks, the Robber."

"Is it possible! Then you have resented me the second time from the panthers! and this rescue is greater than the other."

"That rascal was after your property; and therefore assumed my name—that by means of it, he might marry you, and inherit the estate of your father!"

"Oh! how happy then I am that I did not marry him!"

"Why, if you had,

THE TIMES.



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A WORTHY EXAMPLE.—Bless the young ladies, they are always first and foremost in every good work. Among the many kindnesses we beg to mention the following by a young lady of the "Old Dominion," which may also serve to stir up the pure minds of others by way of remembrance:

Meers, Editors:—The Times, as a true friend, has been with me to comfort, cheer and interest, ever since it has had an existence. And nursing a while ago, among other thoughts that were presented to my mind, was this; that the people about here might be greatly benefited by reading the Times; and I resolved to try to render both you and them service by using my influence to have it circulated among them.

Overland Mail from California.

The first Overland Mail from California arrived at St. Louis at 9 o'clock on Saturday 9th, having left San Francisco on the 16th of September. The news is, consequently, ten days later than was received by way of Panama. The trip occupied but a little over twenty-three days, and six passengers came through by the stages. A large number of prominent citizens of St. Louis assembled at the depot on the arrival of the mail, and Mr. Butterfield, the President of the Overland Mail Company, was greeted with a hearty welcome. A long procession accompanied the mails to the Post Office.

President Buchanan telegraphed to Mr. Butterfield, congratulating him on his success as a great event for "civilization and the Union."

A letter from Fort Belknap, Texas, 819 miles from St. Louis, gives the following table of distances from St. Louis to San Francisco, the route of the Overland Mail, which has just arrived:

"Although the announcement of the arrival of the overland mail has been first made from St. Louis, there is little reason to doubt that it's arrived at Memphis, Tenn., about the same time, for (as many are aware) a bifurcated route was adopted; that is, the mail wagons start at the same time from St. Louis, Mo., and from Memphis, Tenn., meeting at a point on the Arkansas river, in Arkansas, known as Fort Smith; thence there is but a single line, that which goes by the 32d degree of latitude, passing through Arizona. The following table shows the distances from point to point on the line. The measurements were made by the exploring party sent out by the Overland Mail Company:

Miles.
From St. Louis to Springfield, Mo. 108
Springfield to Fort Smith, Ark. 112
Fort Smith to Cobert's Ferry, Red River, 265
Cobert's Ferry (eighteen miles below Preston) to Fort Belknap. 1464
Fort Belknap to Fort Churchill, 126
Fort Churchill to Pecos river, 165
Pecos river to Pope's Camp, 66
Pope's Camp to Franklin (near El Paso), 1024
Franklin (thru' Arizona) to Fort Yuma, 610
Fort Yuma to San Francisco, 664

Total from St. Louis to San Francisco, 2,562

The distance from Memphis to Fort Smith, by the road travelled for the present, is about 400 miles.

A Good Opportunity.

We learn that the new volume of Poems by Matilda, (Miss Matilda C. Smiley of Virginia,) promised some time since as in press in Richmond, will be ready for sale by the week of the United States Fair, which will be held in that city, commencing 26th inst. All who wish a nice present to take home with them from the city of Richmond, should procure a copy. We hope the book, from so sweet a Southern poetess, may have abundant sale.

"Now that preaches, a man should not steal, dost thou steal?"

The editor of the Spirit of the Age is very strong indeed against some of his contributors for copying matter without credit, and in his issue for the 26th inst., is a story without credit, which we published in the Times a few weeks since and for which we paid the writer in gold. "Then therefore which teachest another, teachest thou not thyself?"

FLOUR FROM KNOXVILLE AT NOVEMBER.—Messrs. Rawlins & Brothers received on Saturday last a consignment of superior flour from Knoxville, Tenn., by railroad, all the way through from that town to Norfolk.—*Petroleum Express.*

Striking facts in Modern History.

RECENT INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES.

In our last issue we drew attention to the commanding position and extensive influence of the Anglo Saxon race as constituting an important fact in the present history of the world. Another no less prominent fact, that gives character and individuality to the present century, is the astonishing progress it has made in the discovery of new forces and the invention and improvement of all kinds of machinery. This is indeed its distinctive feature. As compared with all that precedes it, the last half century may be characterized as the *age of discovery*. Although *Steam* as a motive power was discovered earlier, yet its practical use belongs to this period; and what entire revolutions has it not already wrought in every department of art and industry! Its influence is felt in every sphere of life—national—and social and private. By this agent the most distant parts of the world are brought together. The different nations of the earth are made to feel the pulse of a rich country. The table was heavy laden with a rich and a bountiful supply, and though we saw upon it no "ladies bright eyes and rosy cheeks," we saw them close around. Hoping that another occasion may call us to the hospitable court of Iredell soon, we append the report from the *Express*:

This auspicious affair which has so much engaged the attention of our community the past week, came off according to programme on the 14th instant. The rain which fell during the forepart of the week had laid the dust, tempered the atmosphere, and rendered the weather delightful and pleasant for the event. The day opened as clear and as charming as fancy could desire. About ten o'clock the first train, consisting of six cars, densely packed with visitors as thick as they could stand, arrived at the depot, with banners streaming and buzzards resounding among the hills and valleys to the wild echo of the iron steel. In 25 minutes a second train arrived, filled with passengers, and having on board the Salisbury Band, Rowan Rifle Guards, Rowan Artillery, Orange Guards of Hillsborough, and Hornet's Nest Riflemen, with banners streaming, the artillery pealing salutes, and martial music swelling upon the breeze to the delight of assembled thousands who were gathering from all quarters to join in the fest. Other trains delivered a third instalment of many hundreds, and still they came, by thousands, from Iredell and the adjoining counties, in wagons, carriages, horseback, and on foot, until the immense area was filled with a dense mass of human beings which no man could number, to unite in heart and feelings in celebrating the most important event which has ever happened in this portion of our State. When it was thought the mighty flood of guests and visitors had chiefly arrived, the Chief Marshal, Maj. W. M. Allison, with his efficient aids formed the grand procession in the following order:

Orange Guards;
Hornet's Nest Riflemen;

Rowan Artillery;
Salisbury Brass Band;
Rowan Rifle Guards;

Independent Iredell Blues;
Minna Cadets;

Speakers of the Day;
Governor and Officers of State;

Members of the Press;
President and Directors of the W. N. C. R. R. Company, Chief Engineer and Corps;

Officers of other Railroads;
Stock-Holders;
Contractors;

Visitors;
Citizens.

The procession being formed and led by the Salisbury Brass Band marched through the College Avenue to the Campus of the Female College, and thence by counter march to the Church Grove, where the speeches were to be delivered. Ex-Governor Morehead, one of Carolina's gifted sons, and the pride of the State was first introduced to the audience amidst plaudits and heartfelt approbation, and delivered such a speech as no other statesman might hope to excel—full of patriotism—full of practical suggestions—full of energy and devotion to the old North State. Truthful and graphic in conception—eloquent in delivery, the facts presented carried conviction into every bosom of the mighty throng and causing every man, woman and child there to feel proud of their native State, and desire to love no other! We have not time and space, as we would like to do, to follow the learned and patriotic speaker further at present.

Gen. John A. Young of Charlotte, was next introduced to the company, and although not expecting to be called upon to make a speech, he is never without a "shot in his locker" and enchanted the audience spell bound for a half hour or more with a most patriotic and eloquent address—to repeat which, correctly we dare not undertake. Those who heard Gen. Young, could but discover how imperfect would be any description of his beautiful and classic impromptu we might attempt, and any others would not know how to appreciate his eloquence from our description.

"All went merrily as a marriage bell."

SUCCESS OF THE STEAM PLOUGH.—The State Board of Agriculture of Illinois offered a premium of \$5,000 for steam ploughs. It was expected that three different inventions would be exhibited and tested at the State Fair, but only one was on the ground. That was Fawke's locomotive steam plough, Lancaster, Pa., which excited great interest among the prairie farmers, and performed well. The machine and apparatus, with fuel and water, weighs only about seven tons, and by the use of a drum or barrel-shaped driver for propelling the locomotive the difficulty of miring in soft soil and slipping on hard, smooth ground is overcome. The steam plough is easily managed, and is described as a "cross between a locomotive and a tender" combining the essential elements of both, mounted on two guiding wheels and a huge roller. The prairie ground on which it was tried was baked as hard nearly as a brick, but the engine turned six furrows side by side in the most workmanlike manner. Sir England invented the steam plough; but it seems as if by the will of Providence she could go no farther.

Queen of the seas she deemed her self, she could not apply this invention

which she had brought almost to perfection—and the navigation of the ocean by steam, that part of the problem was resolved for the other branch of the Anglo-Saxon race—that branch situated in a region in this western hemisphere, whose territory is traversed by some of the noblest rivers that belt the surface of the globe, and separated by the world-wide

Iredell Celebration.

The great celebration of the completion of the Western N. C. Railroad to Statesville, took place on Thursday last, 14th inst. We had the pleasure of being present and a grander affair never came off in this section of the country. Even the celebration at Newbern the past summer, whose magnificence was the pride of all, was but little if at all superior, except as a larger town would show off the vast assemblage to a better advantage. Friend Drake, of the *Iredell Express*, has given us a short description of the day's events, which we present below, adding 100 per cent to the praise of Iredell, which the modesty of the editor doubtless restrained.

Her people are the best looking as a mass of any we ever saw. They all appear well dressed and well fed, and impress a stranger with the appearance of a rich country.

The table was heavy laden with a rich and a bountiful supply, and though we saw upon it no "ladies bright eyes and rosy cheeks," we saw them close around. Hoping that another occasion may call us to the hospitable court of Iredell soon, we append the report from the *Express*:

Leisure Readings.

A few of the best things WE FIND IN Books, Reviews, Magazines, and Papers.

The First Discoveries of Steam Power.

Hon. Edward Everett, recently deliver oration at an Agricultural Fair at Danvers, Mass., in which occurs the following remarkably interesting passage:

I never contemplate the history of the navigation of the ocean by steam, but it seems to illustrate to me in the most striking manner the slow steps by which a great movement moves forward for generations, for ages, from the first germ—the when the hour is come, the rapidity with which it rushes to a final consummation. [Applause.] Sir, Providence effected this great problem of navigating the ocean by steam to every civilized nation almost on the globe. As long ago as the year 1543 there was a captain in Spain who constructed a vessel in the presence of the Emperor or Charles V., (I quote facts, sir, of but limited notoriety,) and in the presence of Chancellor Livingstone, who in that year 1549 came to the legislature of New York for an act of incorporation. Sir, I am sorry to say that America at that first moment could not boast of much keener perception of the nature of this discovery in France or Spain before. There was a liberal and active conductor in Chancellor Livingstone at length had a petition drawn up of the act he desired passed. It was drafted by the young men of the legislature who, tired of the matters of law, used to call up the "steam bill," that they might have a little fun. Young America, on that occasion, did not show himself so much wiser than his senior. [Laughter.] Sir, nothing daunted at the coldness he received, nothing disengaged by the impatience of the first experiment, Chancellor Livingstone persevered. Twenty years passed before steam navigation was even a name. The Emperor or Charles V. had a petition drawn up of the act he desired passed. It was drafted by the young men of the legislature who, tired of the matters of law, used to call up the "steam bill," that they might have a little fun. Young America, on that occasion, did not show himself so much wiser than his senior. 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interest by the admirers of "Evangeline," which singularly beautiful poem it resembles in metre and management. In a brief notice like the present we dare not enter upon any discussion of its merits, however the subject tempts us. The remaining poems are among the last of the fugitive pieces of the author, now first published in a collective poem. We need only instance Catawba Wine, The Warden of the Claque Poets, Haunted Houses, The Ladder of Saint Augustine, etc., to quicken the reader's recollection, and tempt him to secure the volume at once.

Messer T. B. Peterson & Bros. Philadelphia, have issued in a neat twenty-five cent pamphlet, the celebrated *Hayne and Webster Speeches* on the Toot resolution in the Senate. Many readers will be glad to possess these celebrated forensic efforts in this cheap and convenient form.

The same publishers issue, at the same price, a new novel of life in the large cities, with the suggestive title of *The Mysterious Moreno*. The sale of some of the Messrs Peterson's fifty and twenty-five cent novels is enormous.

WRITING FOR THE TIMES.

MUSIC.

BY GEO. W. COTHRAN.

It is one of the strongest and most pleasant evidences of the rapid advance of the American people in civilization and the Arts that Music, both vocal and instrumental, has been introduced and is now taught in a majority of our schools, as a necessary branch of a good education. And, although there are other branches of education which in a "practical" point of view may be of more vital importance to the pupil in after life, so far as the accumulation of wealth and political honors are concerned, yet we unhesitatingly assert that there is nothing taught either inside or outside of our schools or out side of them, Christianity excepted, and of which sacred Music is the hand-maid) that more directly tends, with greater force and efficiency, to the subjugation of the violence of man's nature, and to harmonize his feelings and to prepare him for the reception of the principles of Christianity than MUSIC. It seems to possess a sovereign balm for the troubled mind; it molds the stern heart of man and fills it with feelings of loving-kindness; it arrests the feelings of discord; allays the rullen-sound of his nature, and calms forth all that is noble and lovely in him, while it exercises an influence of refinement, and promotes harmony and Christian piety. While listening to the sweet strains of music, the soul seems to be a well-tuned instrument, from the vibration of whose strings proceed sounds that fill his whole being with new life and animation.

Music is the language of Nature, as it is also the language of praise and adoration! In the chirping of the tiny insect; in the matin lays of the feathered songster; in the powerful roaring of the monarch of the mountain; in the sighing of the zephyr; in the mighty whirl of the hurricane, and in the loud bellowing of the mighty thunder, as well as in the solemn yet grand turbulence of the vast majestic ocean, there is Music, music the most humble as well as the most sublime. How delightful it is, on a beautiful summer morning, to wander out into a pleasant forest-grove and listen to the sweet anthems sung by myriads of Nature's humblest children. The whole forest is melodious,—resounding with their sweetest songs of praise. And what does all this teach us? That in nature there is nothing but bliss and unadulterated happiness. And if I think no, instructive Nature by itself joyous and happy, why not the reasoning man,—one of the greatest of the Creator's works,—be happy also? The answer is very simple and suggestive,—he can be, if he will only try and cultivate those means of happiness with which he is endowed. And among those means of happiness, pre-eminently stands that of Music; and just as soon as the race of mankind becomes as musical as the forest choristers, they will be equally as happy.

To long, for the general good of mankind, has music been regarded by the great mass of people as being of no practical importance, and as fit only for silly girls and love-sick swains. Is a new country like this, inhabited by a people so enterprising and ambitious of worldly prosperity as we are, this state of things, in a great measure, is to be expected; and it would be contrary to human nature itself were it otherwise. As a general thing, the American citizen pays more regard to the acquisition of physical comforts than he does to mental improvements and mental enjoyments. But as the country becomes older, and the people become more settled and staid in their habits, and as new generations, with different impulses and aspirations succeed to the possessions and positions of their ancestors, a change, though slow and small at first, but as it goes on gradually increasing, it soon becomes great and mighty, takes place. Already are the indications of this change apparent on every hand. And in no particular has this change made more rapid strides and accomplished more for the enjoyment and good of our race, than in the increase of attention devoted to the cultivation of the musical faculties. Go where you will, through any street, in any city, village, hamlet, through the country, and you will hear the strains of music both vocal and instrumental as they float upon the dulcet air. This teaches us that the study of music, as a polite and necessary accomplishment, has revived, and is now prosecuted with even more vigor than ever among the ancients. What a happy day will that be when all mankind unite in singing!

FLORIDA INDIAN NEWS.—We have been allowed the perusal of a letter from Mr. Fletcher, dated Miami, Fla., October 1st, and addressed to his son in this place from which we extract the following:

"We had a visit, September 19th and 20th, from Tiger Tail's party of Indians, fifteen in number, including himself, thirteen men and two boys.—They are all peaceable and express a wish to continue so. Three of the young Indians could read and write, and calculate in dollars and cents. They are determined to remain in Florida; they have plenty of money, and say that all the money in the United States will not bribe them to leave here. They wish to settle themselves down and live in peace—so to be governed by the laws and protected by the law."

THE LOST AERONAUT.—Since the commencement of the search for Mr. Thruson, the missing aeronaut, in the swamps of Michigan and Canada West the bodies of two men have been discovered, but neither was identified as that of Mr. Thruson. One of these was found near Monroe, Mich., and the other in the river at Tilbury, East Canada.

A correspondent of the Chicago Free Press, reflecting on his sad fate, has been induced to compute the time he would have in falling to the earth—his mean velocity, as well as the momentum with which he would strike the earth. His elevation was thought to be three miles when he was last seen, and assuming this to be the distance that he fell, it would only require thirty-one and a half seconds for him to reach the earth, at a mean velocity of 495 feet per second. Assuming his weight to be 160 lbs., he would strike the earth with a momentum equal to 160,800 pounds, or a little more than 80 tons, a power sufficient to scatter his body, bones and muscle, into atoms so minute as scarcely to be perceptible, if not to bury him deep into the earth."

LAST NOTICE.—Those indebted to S. Archer must settle by the first of October, or

Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH, N. C. Oct. 18, 1858.

The Ladies—The silver pitcher—Isis—Chapel Hill students—The gas—Dr. Hogg—The Pennsylvania Election—The tables turned—The Central Depot—Bridal parades—Accident—Another warning—Large loss—A Fish Fry—The Weather again—Benefit of Advertising.

Dear Times:—We are in the midst of active preparations for the Fair, which opens here to-morrow and every sign gives us encouragement to hope that it will at least equal any of its predecessors. Many distinguished strangers will be on the ground and the ladies, ever ready to lend the cheering influence of their smiles to any undertaking for the benefit and glory of our State, are coming too. It only needs that every North Carolinian who has the interest of his State at heart, and certainly there are but few who will be lacking, when she calls for aid, shall "come to the Fair" and send or bring what he thinks will be of advantage to his neighbors, to see our State in her true light, as one of the first of the Confederacy. We have the men, the means and the material, and if we will unite our hands and work like a band of brothers, should do, to make this in reality a "State Fair," we shall have no cause to shrink from a comparison with our neighbors.

We notice the arrival of several horses; some very fine cattle are expected though it is feared that the disease which has so severely prevailed in several sections may keep away many which would otherwise have been here. Among the works of Art may be mentioned the elegant silver pitcher, awarded by the Society to Dr. D. Sosby of Ala., as a premium for his Essay on Horizontal Ploughing, and also an ideal bust of Isis, in Clay, by a lady of this City; not must we omit a gentleman's shirt, ornamented in the most artistic and elaborate manner by two of our fair townswomen. Chapel Hill is fully represented; and all we have to say to the boys is, that somehow or other an admission prevails here, that Mayor Harrison puts noisy students in the Guard House, and they might meet very disagreeable company there.

1. *Les Bords de la Mer*—Melody, Merrily, Merrily, over the Lea." (Price 3cts each.)

2. *Smile on*—Katie Strang.

3. *The Dream of Music*—Good Night and Pleasant Dreams.

4. *Takes Flowers*—Annie Dear, Good Bye.

5. *The Magic Spell*—The Mother's Smile.

6. *Love and Memory*—Bring me My Harp.

7. *The Whirling Woodlands*—Happ. Birdling of the Forest."

I have also before me a couple of pretty pieces composed by Mr. J. R. Thomas, whose works and musical talents I may make further mention hereafter. The first of these pieces which catches my eye—*Wise and Winne*—Price 3cts.

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THE TIMES.



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Oh! Master to Return.

BY W.M. BENJAMIN SMITH.

All alone, I'm lonely now,
From morn till drowsy eve;
Then hast, oh! hast to return,
My arms at or more to leave.

Deeps were the paths we left at parting,
It seemed a horrid lot;
I know those paths and these, loved one,
Can never be forgot.

The fond good-bye I think of oft,
From it this much I learn:
That bitter is the last adieu,
The sweater the return.

Then green my must be the bliss
It's ever we meet again—
Oh why delay, why tarry now?
Must all my sighs be vain?

There knowst thou the terror true and deep,
With which my soul will yearn
For causes to thee, absent one,
Then hast to return.

Sometimes through verdant bow'rs I roam,
And pluck a fresh bouquet;
But all its sweetness now seems dull,
Because that art away.

The morning warblers' once loved songs
Fall harsh upon my ear;
They bring no cheer, they wake no joy,
Because that art not here.

—

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

There Will never come a Time.

BY WILLIE E. FABOR.

There will never come a time
When our thoughts shall go astray,
Or leaves measure lack the rhyme
Making melody to day.

There will never come a time
When upon unwilling ears
There shall fall the gentle chime
That love now to us endear.

There will never come a time
When our eyes shall fail in speech,
In that language so sublime
Only loves ever reach.

There will never come a time
When our hearts shall sigh and say
Who would love's sunniness climb
In the vale had better stay.

There will never come a time
When our hearts shall cease to prove
That as man in hollows rhyme
Is life enriched by love.

There will never come a time
When our hopes shall sail apart,
Seeking singly that far clime
Called, the unrest of the heart.

Reading for the Young.

The Courtesies of Life.

Under this head the Philadelphia *Inquirer* has some judicious suggestions. If we look to men of success in any avocation of life, we find that, with few exceptions, they have been persons of courteous deportment and generous impulses. We extract a few passages worthy of attention, especially by the young:

"A bland, polished gentleman—
Polit and kind to all."

"We have more than once alluded to the beauty of courtesy in the ordinary transactions of life. The subject is an important one, although it may not seem so to the hasty and inconsiderate. Many a man has lost a fortune in consequence of the want of a little courtesy. Avenitum of manner and propriety of language should be constantly cultivated. They possess a magic and charm that are admirably calculated to soothe and conciliate. It is almost impossible to conceive how, at times, a kind word or a gentle look touches the heart. The effect, although instantaneous, lives and lingers for years. There are many little and comparatively insignificant acts, that nevertheless develop character and exercise influence. If, therefore, courtesy be constantly adhered to and carefully practiced, the effect cannot but be great. And if it be as regularly violated and neglected. The evil influence must be pernicious."

"The little courtesies of life cost nothing, and yet their value can scarcely be overestimated. Avenitum of manner has a power that is felt more or less in every wall or sphere. It imparts an additional lustre to beauty, while it robes deformity of much of its repulsion. Who, indeed, cannot point out some forcibly illustrative?"

"There is a thousand nameless little sayings and doings, which serve to sweeten the pathway of life, and impart to the social circle a degree of refinement and delight that, to be appreciated, must be enjoyed. By courtesy of manner we do not mean a constant effort to be dignified and precise, or a rigid adherence to certain rules and formalities. Far from it. The heart should speak on such occasions, and the genial spirit of sympathy should be distinct and apparent. An act of courtesy is never out of place. In high life or in low, it is like a beam of sunshine in the social world which it at once softens and brightens. It may be recognized in the beggar as well as the king. The proprietor cannot be too kind or considerate to those in his employ. All should be treated not only as human sympathies, but as sensible and susceptible, and as capable, as well of understanding an act of rudeness, as of appreciating one of kindness and good will."

"There is enough rudeness and asperity among mankind, the natural results of difference of views, collisions of trade and feelings of interest, &c., etc., then, when ever we can adopt the gentle and the generous policy, the refined and the considerate, and thus afford pleasure, by the exercise of the many little courtesies which all have more or less at their command, but which we have no less to employ in their intercourse with their fellow crea-

tives."

"The people of Tennessee have refused to remodel their Constitution. The officials return of the late election indicate, notwithstanding the smallness of the vote, a decided opposition to any change. Out of 24,858 votes cast, 20,931 were against, and only 3,927 in favor of it."

"WORTH REMEMBERING.—It is not what we earn, but what we save, that makes us rich. It is not what we eat, but what we digest that makes us fat. It is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us learned. All this is very simple but it is worth remembering."

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"The most secret acts of goodness are seen and approved by the Almighty."

An Alphabet of Self-Made Men.

The following from Household Words gives in a brief space the names and characteristics of eminent men who have raised themselves by their own exertion.

To begin with the letter A and dash hastily and skimpily through the alphabet, we find that Anderson, the popular Danish novelist, was the son of a cobbler, and educated at a charity school, and that he tried for years to gain a living by various handicraft trades, being frequently on the brink of starvation. Beranger, the celebrated French lyric poet, neglected by his vagabond father, lived with his god-father, a poor tailor, and was a *pomme* on the streets of Paris till promoted for a time to the dignity of a patbo. Eliza Burritt, as all know was a blacksmith's apprentice. Carleton, the Irish novelist, who now enjoys a pension of £200 a year, is the son of a peasant, and begged his way to knowledge. Rafael Carrera, President of the Republic of Guatemala, began life as a drummer boy and a cattle driver. Mr. Cobden is the son of a small farmer, and, entering a warehouse in London when a boy, rose through the various grades of service. Sir William Corbitt was a working miller, then joiner, and then a nailwright. Dumas, the great French novelist and dramatist, is the illegitimate son of a planter and a negress, and was in all but starvation in Paris, till he hit upon the way to distinction. Faraday, the eminent chemist, is the son of a poor blacksmith, and began his career as an apprentice to a bookbinder. Millard Fillmore, late President of the United States, was first a plough-boy, then tried the trade of a clothier, and was then apprenticed to a wool carder. The present Emperor of Hayti was born a slave. Herring, the animal painter, began the profession of art with sign boards, and coach ponies. Jasmin, the Burns of the south of France, is the son of a tailor, and the grandson of a common beggar.—Mr. Lindsay, M. P., the great shipowner, left his home with 3s. 6d. in his pocket, to push his fortunes as a ship-boy; he worked his passage to Liverpool by assisting in the coal-hole of a steamer; and for a part of the time after he arrived, begged during the day, and slept in the sheds and streets at night. Louisa, the distinguished sculptor, began in the world in the capacity of a plough boy. Minie, the inventor of the well known rifle, was a private soldier. Robert Owen was a shop boy to a grocer, and then a draper. Johannes Rouge, the leader of the German Catholic movement, started sheep when a boy. Stanfield, the distinguished landscape painter, was a cabin boy, and the shipmaster was his first patron.—Thiers, the well known historian, and economist, of France, is the son of a blacksmith, and was educated gratuitously at the public school of Marseilles. Thomas Wright, the Manchester prison philanthropist, was a weekly worker in an iron foundry for forty seven years, till a large sum of money was raised by subscription to enable him to carry on his philanthropical labors.

There will never come a time
When upon our hearts shall sigh and say
Who would love's sunniness climb
In the vale had better stay.

There will never come a time
When our hearts shall cease to prove
That as man in hollows rhyme
Is life enriched by love.

There will never come a time
When our hopes shall sail apart,
Seeking singly that far clime
Called, the unrest of the heart.

Salad for the Solitary

Wise is brushwood, Peacock feather: the one gives the greatest flavor, the other yields the deepest heat; and both meeting make the best fire.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—Required to lay out a lot of land in the form of a long square, or parallelogram, containing 3 acres, 2 rods, 20 poles, that shall take just 100 rods of wall to enclose, or fence it round. What shall the length and breadth of the lot be?

Answer next week.

Answer to question of last week, one-twentieth.

Answer to Riddle of last week, Jonah, his name, his dwelling, in the whale.

RUM.

O, thou infernal spirit of Rum! if thou hadst no name by which to know thee, we would call thee spirit of venom,—produced thro' the agency of that mortal poison infused throughout the whole moral system of our first parents, by the influence of that old serpent called the "devil" and "satyr," thereby polluting the whole race of man!

Let thy devote extol thee,
And thy wondrous virtues own:
But the worst of names I'll call thee,
O! that hydra monster Rum:

Pimple maker, visage blaster,
Health corruptor, idler's mate:
Alms house builder, pauper maker,
Wit destroyer, devil's bait!

Senses blunter, youth's ensorcer,
Scandal dealer, foul-mouthed scourge;

Merry drowner, hoary wrecker,
Brain distester, ruin's ergo.

Summer's cooler, winter's warmer,
Blood polluter, spouse snare;

Bob collector, man's transformer,
Bond under, gambler's fare.

Quarrel plotter, rage discharger,
Strong-man's—sawyer, fatal drop;

Venom spider, anger heater,
Wrath inspirer, coward's prop.

Eyes blinder, liver sweller,
Vitals burner, deadly fire;

Falshood spreader, fire blinger,
Discord kinder, misery's sire.

Thirst producer, gizzard scorch,

Squint-eyed monter, face quack:

Spleen instiller, stench emitter,
Money waster, fortune's wreck.

Speech bewrangler, utterance boggler,

Pocket emptier, vagrant thief;

Rags beedecker, woe begetter,
Mud besmircher, mock relief.

Friendship shaker, wedlock breaker,

Woman whipp'r, conscience's bane:

Virtue blaster, sat disaster,

Mad-house iller, error's reign.

Strife engenderer, foul contriver,

Conscience stiffer, blackguard guest:

Eye broum thumper, forehead bumber,

Shinbone cracker, hateful pest.

Wagon breaker, sleigh upsetter,

Horse-flesh bruiser, venom's throw;

Sailor's buster, vessel sinker,

Engine smasher, nation's woe.

Wide-mouth'd flatterer, base deceiver,

Death's forrunner, hell's dire brink;

Ravenous murderer, win-pipe slasher,

Drunkard's lodging—meat, and drink!

ARROWSMITH OUTDOOR.—A travelled London lady gives the following incident, among others, to a circle of admiring friends, on her return from America :

"I was dinin' aboard a first class steamboat on the Hooghly river. The gentleman next me, on my right, was a Southerner, and the gentleman on my left was a Northerner. Well, they gets into a kind of discussion on the habitation question, when some 'igh words hariz :

"Please to retract, sir," said the Southerner.

"Won't do it," said the Northerner.

"Pray, man," said the Southerner, "will you have the goodness to lean back in your chair?"

"With the greatest pleasure, said I, not knowin' what was comin'.

"When does my gentleman do but whups out a 'oss pistol as long as my arm, and shoots my left' and neighbor dead!" But that wasn't half for the bullet, comin' out of the left temple, wounded a lady in the side. She hattered an 'orrific scream."

"Pon my word ma'am," said the Southerner, "you needn't make so much noise about it, for I did it by mistake."

"And was justice done the murderer?" asked a horrified listener.

"Hinstainly, dear madam," answered Mrs. —.

"The cabin passengers set

right to work and lynched him. They 'ung' 'im in the lamp chains, right hover the dinin' table, and then finished the dessert. But, for my part, it quite spolt my appetite."

REPARTEE.—Coloride was a remarka-

bly awkward horseman, so much so, as gen-

erally to attract attention. He was one day riding on the turnpike road in the county of Durham, when a wag approaching him, noticed his peculiarity, and mis-

taking him, thought the rider a fine sub-

ject for a little sport, and as he drew near, he thus accosted Mr. C.

"I say, young man, did you meet a tai-

lor or the road?"

"Yes," replied Mr. C., who was never

at a loss for a rejoinder, "I did; and he told me I went a little further, I should meet a goose."

The assailant was struck dumb, while the traveller jogged on.

A vendor of cement, describing its action, said it was peculiarly useful in mend-

ing jars. A purchaser inquired if it would

mend the jar of a dove?

"There is no occasion for its use in that case," said the pedlar, "for that is gener-

ally sound enough."

Another asked him if it would mend family jars?

"In that case, again, there is more sound

than sense," replied the pedlar, and va-

mused.

AN OLD SOLDIER.—It is not what we

eat, but what makes us fat. It is not what

we digest that make us fat. It is not what

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